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Title: Diana : Fifth Generation Gangrel

Author: Book 1

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**\*Chapter One\***

I was born on a small island south of Britain, the product of a good and pious woman. My mother came to this land without knowledge of the language or the customs. New, she wandered the land in search of knowledge and food. Set upon frequently by man and beast alike she made her way through the wilds almost perishing on several occasions. One fated eve she was set upon by several ruffians, robbed, raped, and left for dead. Although she has never admitted to me that the attack took place nor has she ever spoken ill of how i was conceived. A dear family friend did some years ago tell me the story of how after the attack my mother wandered in a state near to death until discovered by a truly good man and taken to the Hold where fromst he did reside. He, a Duke and Lord of the island, took her in and welcomed her amongst his people and made her one of their own. He and the others like him healed, supported, and

trained her until,  
after a time, she  
became a productive  
member of society.

\*Chapter Two\*

I was born during  
these days and as the  
child of a citizen was  
given all the attention  
one would desire. I  
was however always  
aware of the fact that  
i had no father as the  
other children did. I  
would always feel the  
pressure associated  
with being different  
from those about you.  
My mother, always  
true to me, tried in  
vain to make for this  
sense of loss. She was  
the doting type,  
always seeing to my  
needs and trying to  
teach me the ways of  
the virtues to which  
she had subscribed  
and which led every  
facet of her life. She  
would play with me  
for hours in the yard  
of our palatial home.  
During these same  
times my mothers  
friends, the Lords of  
Serpents Isle, educated  
me in the skills of  
the warrior, fencing,  
tactics, parrying, and  
more. When later I  
would leave, I would  
be quite adept at these  
skills as well as those  
taught to me by the  
huntress, stalking,  
tracking, hiding, and  
stealth. These,  
combined with skills I  
would later learn,  
would prove quite  
deadly to my foe.

As time progressed  
I became more and  
more aware of the  
land around me. The  
others I had known

from birth, many now  
in the service of the  
King or pursuing  
their path amongst the  
clergy, had grown  
away. I found myself  
alone with my  
thoughts.

\*Chapter Three\*

I began to become  
more and more  
discontent. My  
mother would attempt  
to force upon me the  
virtues of the land  
that she had taken as  
her own, but I felt  
them lacking.  
Something was wrong.  
I would travel about  
the island forests  
with the alligators and  
gorillas, the giant and  
silver serpents had  
become my teachers  
and guides. I could see  
from their lifestyle  
and movements that  
thecreator had  
intended a different  
life for all things  
living than one of  
blind obedience. The  
lesson I learned from  
the corpser fly was  
that of simple  
disobedience. When  
cast upon by the spell  
of paralyze this docile  
creature would begin  
to move. From this  
time forth I began my  
life anew, a secret  
life, ever studying,  
ever learning. There  
was no way out no  
turning back my soul